

The



# TATLER

& BYSTANDER



AUGUST 1, 1956  
TWO SHILLINGS

MRS DAVID BARRACLOUGH



## BARON TAKES TEA WITH MAJOR AND MRS. GEORGE ASTLEY

This charming family group taken by eminent photographer Baron shows Major and Mrs. George Delavai Astley and their two children, Hugh, aged six and four-year-old Susan. They live at Hatchwood House in Hampshire, one of England's scheduled houses, which was originally an Elizabethan farm house to which was later added a superb Queen Anne façade. Major Astley is son of the Hon. Melton Astley, brother of the 21st Baron, and he is cousin of the present Lord Hastings.



**MAJOR ASTLEY:** See what you've let yourself in for, Baron. You asked for a family group—and it looks as if you've got one. Hugh's even brought the pony.

**BARON:** From what Hugh told me earlier, I gather that Tonic is regarded almost as part of the family.

**MRS. ASTLEY:** Yes, in this family we have hereditary horse-mania.

**BARON:** Didn't Lord Hastings win the Derby once?

**MAJOR ASTLEY:** Yes, my grandfather, that was. But the first recorded entry of horses into our family history is a good deal earlier even than that. In 1391 an ancestor of mine, the 3rd Earl of Pembroke came to a sticky end when he was tilting.

**BARON:** There now Hugh. There's an Awful Warning. No tilting on Tonic.

**HUGH:** I don't expect he'd like it very much anyhow. But I think he would like a lump of sugar. Could he Mummy?

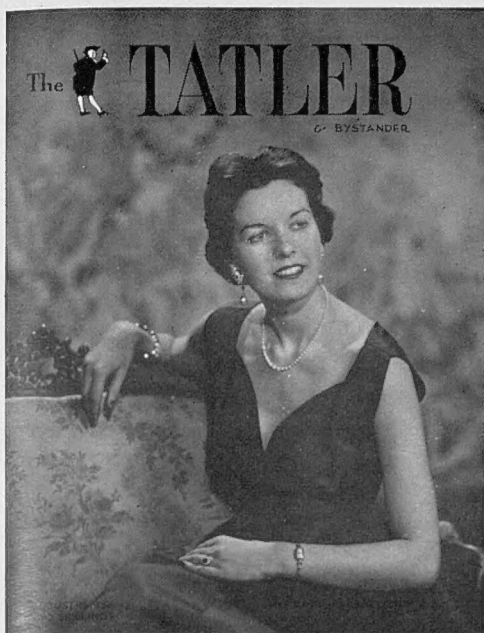
**MRS. ASTLEY:** Of course darling. And how about you, Baron . . . another cup of tea?

**BARON:** Please. And I must compliment you on your blend. Excellent tea.

**MRS. ASTLEY:** Surely you recognise it? It's Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I thought it was rather a thing of yours?

**BARON:** Well I was *pretty* sure—but there was a chance it was a special blend of your own.

**MRS. ASTLEY:** Goodness no. We get it at the grocer here like everyone else. And it's always beautifully fresh we find . . . no, Hugh dear. Six lumps is **QUITE** enough for him now.



Michael Dunne

MRS. DAVID BARRACLOUGH, whose photograph appears on the cover of The TATLER this week, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. W. S. Ekin. In June last year she married Mr. David Barracrough, who is a member of Lloyd's and a director of various shipping companies. Mrs. Barracrough and her husband are leaving shortly for a holiday in Spain, and when they return they will move from their present home in Ebury Street, Westminster, to the house they have been building in Porchester Terrace, W.2

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 1 to August 8

**Aug. 1 (Wed.)** Horse Shows: The Cheltenham Horse Show.

Arab Horse Society Show, Roehampton (two days).

Polo at Cowdray.

Cricket: Rugby v. Marlborough at Lord's.

First night: *The Long Echo* at the St. James's Theatre.

Racing: Goodwood Stakes.

**Aug. 2 (Thur.)** Battle of Flowers, Jersey.

Polo at Cowdray.

First night: *The Seagull* at the Saville Theatre.

Racing: Goodwood Cup, and Redcar.

**Aug. 3 (Fri.)** Polo at Cowdray.

Dances: Mrs. John Barstow for Miss Phyllida Barstow, at Chapel House, Builth Wells, Breconshire.

Lady FitzWalter for Miss Sally Fletcher at Goodnestone Park, Canterbury.

Racing: Goodwood (Chesterfield Cup).

**Aug. 4 (Sat.)** Cowes Regatta, Isle of Wight (to August 11).

International Athletics Match, Britain v. Czechoslovakia at the White City (to August 6).

Final of the Cowdray Park Cup.

Annual Dinner, Royal Yacht Club.

Dance: The Cottesmore Junior Hunt Ball at Alexton Hall, near Uppingham.

Racing: Epsom and Warwick.

**Aug. 5 (Sun.)** Cricket: Dragonflies v. Grasshoppers at Hurlingham.

Tennis: Club American Tournament at Hurlingham.

**Aug. 6 (Mon.)** August Bank Holiday.

National Eisteddfod of Wales, Aberdare.

New Forest Pony Show, Burley Manor Park, near Ringwood.

Polo: Finals, Harrison Cup and Holden White Cup at Cowdray.

Croquet: Annual Tournament and Croquet Putting Competition, Hurlingham.

Cocktail Party: Royal London Yacht Club at Cowes.

Racing at Chepstow (2 days), Epsom, Newcastle, Ripon (two days), and Wolverhampton (two days).

**Aug. 7 (Tue.)** Royal Dublin Horse Show (to August 11).

The Britannia Cup at Cowes.

Racing at Brighton (three days).

**Aug. 8 (Wed.)** Golf: International Amateur Golf Championship, Samedan Golf Club, St. Moritz.

Dance: The Ryde Ball, Isle of Wight.

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## On the Scottish Borderland

THE Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian were married in 1943 and have one son, the eleven-year-old Earl of Ancram, and four daughters, Lady Mary, Lady Cecil, Lady Clare and Lady Elizabeth Kerr, who is seen with her mother in the photograph. Lady Lothian is the daughter of the late Maj.-Gen.

Sir Foster Reuss Newland and of Donna Nenella Carr, of Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk. At present, when in the north, Lord and Lady Lothian live at Crailing House, near Jedburgh. This charming house is close to Monteviot and Ferniehirst Castle, which also belong to the Kerr family



# FIREWORKS AND FLOODLIGHTING AT THE HURLINGHAM BALL

APPROXIMATELY a thousand members and their guests enjoyed a superb firework display at the Hurlingham Club summer ball and strolled in the beautifully floodlit gardens hung with fairy lights. Dancing was to a large orchestra in the ballroom, while there was also a rumba band playing on the lawn. The ball went well on into the early hours and guests were given breakfast before departing



*One of the giant catherine wheels which was part of the spectacular firework display*



*Capt. R. H. Rump, secretary of the Hurlingham Club, Lady Norton, Mrs. Rump and Sir Charles Norton, chairman of the club*



*Mr. and Mrs. Norman Nash, Miss Patricia Murray, Mr. Robin Hill, Miss Wendy Shillington and Mr. Tony Martyn*



*Mr. and Mrs. James Burridge and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fryer were among those enjoying the fireworks*





*Guests moved in a body to the lawns to watch the hour-long firework display*



*Mr. Nigel Bruce was there  
with Mrs. Bruce*



*Mr. Robin Hindson and Miss  
Sheila Mark*



*Miss Valentine Evers and  
Mr. Andrew Herbert*



*Miss Rosemary Wilkes and  
Mr. Ahmed Jaffer*



*Mr. Peter Simnett, Mrs. Simnett and Miss  
Jane Gray at their table*



*Mr. Thomas Jones, Miss Darea Blackwood, Miss Tessa de Wesselow,  
Mr. Anthony Bott, Mr. Alexander Norris and Miss Gill Walley*

Van Hallan



## MISS JENNIFER CLARK WEDS

MR. John Bertrand Worsley, youngest son of the late Mr. R. S. L. Worsley and Mrs. Victor Jones, of Broxmead, Cuckfield, married Miss Jennifer Jane Clark, elder daughter of Sir Andrew Clark, Q.C., and Lady Clark, of Thurloe Square S.W.7, at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, S.W.7



*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

# THE KING OF IRAQ'S VISIT

THE official state visit of King Faisal of Iraq accompanied by the Crown Prince of Iraq gave a touch of pageantry to the last weeks of this very busy London season. On his arrival at Victoria Station the young King and his uncle were met by the Queen and Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. The Duke of Gloucester had welcomed His Majesty at Dover and travelled to London with him in the Royal train.

From Victoria, King Faisal, accompanied by our beloved young Queen and Prince Philip, drove in state to Buckingham Palace in a carriage procession, with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry, through streets gay with flags. That evening the Queen and the Prince gave a State Banquet in honour of King Faisal and the Crown Prince at the Palace. The following day the King and the Crown Prince, attended by the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, and members of the suite, drove in a carriage procession from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall where His Majesty paid a state visit to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, and was later entertained to luncheon.

That evening the King entertained the Queen and Prince Philip and other members of the Royal family at dinner at the Iraqi Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens. For this Royal function the Iraqi Ambassador had the help of his brilliantly artistic wife, H.R.H. Princess Zeid-al-Hussein, to supervise all the arrangements, which were carried out perfectly.

ON the third day of his visit the King, accompanied by the Crown Prince, visited the R.A.F. Station at Odiham and lunched in the Officers' Mess. In the afternoon he went on to his old school, Harrow, where he was received by the Headmaster, Mr. R. L. James. In the evening His Majesty and his uncle, accompanied by the Queen and Prince Philip, attended an evening reception given by the Government at Lancaster House. The following day the official state visit ended, but the young King and the Crown Prince are staying unofficially in this country until the second week in August, when they will be going down to the South of France before returning to Iraq.

Upon the conclusion of the state visit, King Faisal and the Crown Prince were the guests of honour at the annual dinner of the Anglo-

Iraqi Society, which was held at Claridge's. The guests at this dinner were received by Sir John Troutbeck, a former Ambassador in Baghdad, President of the Society, and Lady Troutbeck. They included the Iraqi Ambassador and H.R.H. Princess Zeid-al-Hussein who wore a diamond tiara and looked charming in palest shell pink the Minister at the Embassy Mr. Tarik Al-Askari, and Mrs. Al-Askari, the Lord Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir, Field-Marshal Lord Wilson, General Nuri el Said, our Ambassador in Iraq Sir Michael Wright with Lady Wright, Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham, Sir Harry Luke, H.E. Abdullah Bakir, H.E. Tahsin Kadri, and Dr. Dhia Ja'far—all three members of King Faisal's suite—the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, and Sir Harry and Lady Sinderson. Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Foster, in attendance on the young King during his official visit, was there with Lady Foster, and two other guests were Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, who have known the King since he was a child and were talking to him and the Crown Prince after the dinner.

THE President proposed the toast of H.M. the King of Iraq, who rose and in a delightful manner proposed the toast of Her Majesty the Queen. Speeches were made by the President Sir John Troutbeck, H.E. Dr. Dhia Ja'far, Viscount Kilmuir and finally Maj.-Gen. J. M. L. Renton, Chairman of the Council, who is always first-class and up to the standard of any after-dinner speaker in the country.

Before dinner members of the Society and their guests enjoyed an aperitif in two of the reception rooms, which gave everyone a good chance of greeting friends they had not seen for some time, perhaps not since the previous annual dinner. Besides those I have mentioned, others present (most of whom had interests and were in some way connected with Iraq) included the Earl of Inchcape, Sir Andrew MacTaggart, Vice-President of the Council, and Lady MacTaggart, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lord and Lady Salter, Lady (Edgar) Bonham-Carter, Sir Ifor Evans, Brig. Sir Osborne and Lady Mance, Mr. F. B. Sadler, the Honorary Treasurer, and Mrs. Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Edwardes, Dr. N. J. Chokhachi, who is over here studying at London University, the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Bridgeman, the latter very good looking in a scarlet satin dress, Sir Angus and Lady Gillan, and Mr. Colin Young, the very hard-working Honorary Secretary of the Society.



Earlier that day King Faisal had attended the second Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. Like many other events this summer, the party was spoilt by the weather—a very heavy thunderstorm with torrential rain broke over the Palace gardens before 5 p.m. and sent the eight thousand guests scurrying for shelter in every direction. The Queen, who was wearing a bright blue silk dress with a little white hat and fur stole, had already greeted many of them and had nearly reached the end of the lane of people hoping to be presented to her. Under the shelter of the Lord Chamberlain the Earl of Scarbrough's umbrella, she quickly made her way to the Royal tea tent.

Other members of the Royal Family at the Garden Party, which started in fine weather, were Prince Philip, the Queen Mother in a beige dress and hat, Princess Margaret in an apricot dress with feathered hat to match, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the latter in mushroom pink. Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma were greeting many friends, the Countess looking charming in blue. Sir Winston Churchill, who was accompanied by Lady Churchill, received great applause as he arrived for tea in the Royal tent.

AMONG those I saw at the party were Lord Mowbray and Stourton, the Countess of Durham, the Countess of Ronaldshay looking very attractive in blue with a big straw hat, her sister-in-law Lady Viola Dundas, and Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, the Viscountess wearing a gigantic black tulle hat. They were accompanied by his sister Lady Georgiana Curzon. Lady Jarvis, wearing a black hat with her printed silk suit, was accompanied by her son-in-law Lord Lyle of Westbourne and her daughter Lady Lyle, whom she was presenting. Col. John Ward was having a long talk under the trees near the tea tent with Col. Gerard Leigh, who succeeded him in commanding the Household Cavalry, and Mrs. Leigh, who looked very pretty in red.

Lord and Lady Strathallmond were strolling about the lawns meeting friends until the storm began, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Noel Murless, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Grant Ferris, Lt.-Gen. Brocas Burrows and his attractive daughter Jennifer, Lady (Oswald) Birley in grey, the Hon. Denis Berry and his younger daughter Susan, and the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Berry, who stopped on their way through the Palace to talk to Mr. and Mrs. David Keith, who were both looking very bronzed after a holiday in the South of France. Mrs. Keith, who is an unusually pretty girl, wore a lovely red lace dress and little hat to match. Another young married couple I saw were Mr. Giles and the Hon. Mrs. Floyd, who arrived as the rain started.

\* \* \*

It was a fine, warm night for the coming-out dance which W/Cdr. and Mrs. Gerald Constable Maxwell gave at their home, Alresford House, in Hampshire, for their débutante daughter, Miss Carolyn Constable Maxwell. The house, which is Georgian and was built in 1770, was originally the home of the famous Lord Rodney. A marquee had been built on for dancing which was gaily decorated with cerise swags and lovely blooms. The flowers everywhere were beautiful and of most amusingly arranged on the walls in giant straw hats. The guests, who numbered about six hundred, were able to stroll about under the floodlit beech trees and enjoy the cleverly lit garden where American Beauty and other gorgeous roses were in full bloom. Also they were able to sit in the Dutch garden where a couple of gypsy musicians were playing softly all the evening.

Many people in the district gave dinner parties for the event including Lady Chesham, the Dowager Countess of Malmesbury, the Hon. Lady Stockdale, Lady Lilian Austin, Lady Doughty-Tichborne, Lady Marlborough Reid and Cdr. Michael Constable Maxwell. Mrs. Constable Maxwell's brother, Mr. William Griffin, flew over from New York for three days for his niece's dance. He is the much-loved uncle with whom Carolyn and her sisters Anne (now the Hon. Mrs. Miles Fitzalan-Howard) and Diana stayed during most of the war. Mr. Pietro Annigoni, the great artist, was also staying the weekend at Alresford House—he is painting a picture for the private chapel there. W/Cdr. Gerald Constable Maxwell is this year Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, for whose Hall Mr. Annigoni painted that magnificent picture of the Queen. He has now nearly finished his picture of Prince Philip, also for the Fishmongers'.

Perhaps the most interesting guest at the dance was Carolyn's grandmother, Mrs. Bernard Constable Maxwell, mother of W/Cdr. Gerald Constable Maxwell and his eleven brothers and sisters. She is also the aunt of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl and Countess of Eldon, the Earl and Countess of Perth and Lord Lovat. Mrs. Bernard Constable Maxwell, now almost eighty-seven years old, is writing a book on Victorian life, having written a successful book on lilies two years ago.

Many of the guests, especially the young ones, I mentioned at the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk's ball at St. James's Palace last week, were also at this dance, as Carolyn Constable Maxwell and her cousin Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard are great friends. Also, as is usual when any member of this numerous family gives a party, a great number of relations and many Maxwells, Fitzalan-Howards, Frasers, and also the Perths and Eldons were there. It was the birthday of Viscount



The Canada Ball, given at Overseas House, London, by the chairman and members of the Central Council of the Overseas League, was a great success. Above: Sir Angus and Lady Gillan, Mrs. Norman Robertson and H.E. the High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. Norman Robertson, and Earl and Countess Mountbatten



Mr. Peter Garrett and Miss Sylvia Rhodes from the U.S.A.



Miss B. Ling from Singapore, and Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Dunn



Mr. Hugh Gibson, Col. S. Dennis, Mrs. D. Scattergood and Mrs. Dennis

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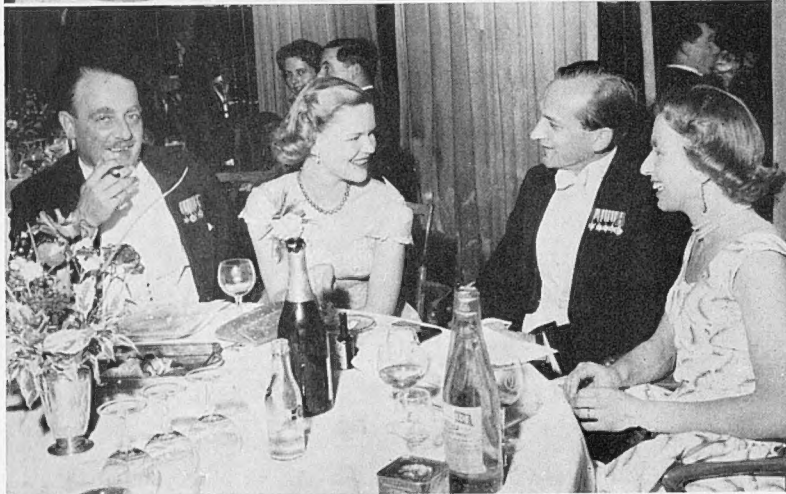
(Continued overleaf)





**The Victoria League Ball** was attended this year by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. Above: Mary Duchess of Roxburgh, chairman of the ball committee, Lady Harcourt, Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt and Maj.-Gen. Sir John Marriott

*Mrs. Tom Duncanson, daughter-in-law of Sir John and Lady Duncanson, with Mr. and Mrs. Brian Palmer*



*Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter and Mrs. Christopher Bridge*

Strathallan, the Perth's eldest son, so the band played "Happy Birthday To You" during this exceptionally happy party.

Around 2.30 a.m. two very youthful little figures appeared in their dressing gowns to see the fun, and created quite a sensation. They were Tessa and Carina, the two eldest children of the Hon. Miles and Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, and with their parents were staying in the house party for the weekend.

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**B**LUE and white was the colour scheme at the wedding of Capt. Alastair Tower, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kinglake Tower, and Miss Flavia Browning, younger daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Browning. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where large vases of blue delphiniums and white lilies decorated the church.

The four bridesmaids, Miss Charmian Butt, Miss Diana Crawford, Miss Belinda Pascoe and Miss Mary Robertson wore cleverly designed delphinium blue organza dresses with long gloves to match. Their headdresses were of cream rose and delphinium petals. The bride, who is an exceptionally pretty girl with a lovely figure, was given away by her father, and wore a dress of white lace over tulle with long sleeves and a full skirt falling into a train.

It was a particularly beautiful service and Canon V. J. Pike (Chaplain-General to the Forces), who officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. A. Simmonds, gave a wonderful and very stirring address.

After the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at the Savoy Hotel where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents. Lady Browning (who is one of our most admired romantic novelists—Daphne du Maurier) wore a blue corded silk suit and a little cap of golden plumes. Mrs. Tower had also chosen blue and looked charming in a blue chiffon dress with a black tulle hat. Mr. Peter Tower was best man to his brother, and other near relatives present were the bride's only brother Christian, and her sister Mrs. Peter de Zulueta and her husband, who had their elder little girl Mary Therese at the reception.

Among those I met who had come to wish the young couple happiness were Lord Dunboyne, Major Rhyddan and Lady Honor Llewellyn, and her sister Lady Auriol Vaughan, who is a great friend of the bride and her family. Lady Auriol, who is a successful author, is now living in Paris where, she told me, she is working on a book which she hopes will be published early in the spring. Sir Horace and Lady Evans were there, also Lord and Lady Weeks and their daughter the Hon. Pamela Weeks, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Col. and Mrs. Murray-Lawes, Brig. and Mrs. Magnay, Col. and Mrs. Raoul Robin, Sir Otto and Lady Lund, Mr. and Mrs. Freer, Brig. and Mrs. Hicks, Lord and Lady Goschen, Miss Sarah Reid just back from a visit to Austria, and Mrs. Anthony Wey, who was on her own, as her husband who is in the Grenadiers was busy with official work.

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**I** ONLY had time to get to the reception at Stanhope Gate after the marriage at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, of Mr. John Worsley, youngest son of the late Mr. R. S. L. Worsley and Mrs. Victor Jones, and Miss Jennifer Clark, elder daughter of Sir Andrew Clark, Q.C., and Lady Clark. Jennifer looked sweet wearing a white lace dress with a full skirt falling into a long train, and a diamond tiara holding her short tulle veil in place. Her bridesmaids, Miss Susan Clark her sister, Miss Mary-Rose Napier, Miss Sally Collier and Miss Philippa King, wore long pink organza dresses with coronets of mixed pink flowers.

There was a very large number of guests, who happily were able to filter out on to the roof garden when the ballroom became too crowded. Among these I met Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, whose son the Hon. Michael Vaughan was one of the pages with James Pim. Also Mrs. Edward Barford and her daughter Miss Sarah Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. John Pares Wilson with their daughters and granddaughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Nash, and many of the young girls who came out the same year as the bride.

It was an original idea, when the reception was not in the bride's home, to have the wedding presents on view. After looking at them one felt there was little that the bride and bridegroom would be lacking in their new home.

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**T**HE Speaker and Mrs. W. S. Morrison were At Home on two consecutive afternoons to members of the Diplomatic Corps, Members of Parliament, officers of the House and their wives. On the first afternoon one of the earliest arrivals was Sir Winston Churchill, in great form, accompanied by Lady Churchill. Others who came in and enjoyed tea in the fine suite of reception rooms overlooking the Thames included the Lord Chancellor and Lady Kilmuir, the Home Secretary and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

On the following day the Prime Minister and Lady Eden were among the guests, who also included the Marquess and Marchioness of

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Salisbury, Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, Countess St. Aldwyn, whose husband Earl St. Aldwyn was speaking in the House of Lords that afternoon, Mr. Petre and the Hon. Mrs. Crowder, Sir Denys Lawson and Sir Ronald Cross, the Governor of Tasmania, who is home on leave with his wife for a few months.

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It was the cruellest luck that a thunderstorm broke around teatime at the garden party in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies which Lady Irene Astor had organized once again in the gardens of the Holme, Regent's Park (by kind permission of the Principal and Council of Bedford College). The party was opened by the aquatic star Esther Williams, and for the first hour and a half until the storm came it was a charming scene with a regimental band playing and plenty of gaily decorated stalls on the fine lawns, set off by the lake in the background; also a hoop-la, coconut shies, roundabouts and swings. These latter proved most popular with the younger children, who were queuing up to have a turn.

Helping here I saw the Countess of Jellicoe in blue printed silk, and Lady Mancroft. They both had two or three of their children at the party. Lady Sudely and Mrs. Barnato Walker were also helping with the swings. I met Lady Daphne Straight with her younger daughter Amanda, who looked enchanting in a little pink dress. Her elder sister, Miss Camilla Straight, was one of the attractive young girls, who also included the Hon. Diana Herbert and Miss Sally Probart Jones, selling lucky draw tickets. Camilla was leaving England a few days later to motor down to Majorca where her parents have built a lovely house right on the sea near Formentor, in which they are to spend their summer holidays for the first time. Among their guests during August will be Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma. The First Sea Lord shares Mr. Whitney Straight's love of deep sea fishing and they will be able to enjoy it every morning off this coast.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, vice-chairman to Lady Irene, had her three daughters there, and others I saw helping included the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Lady Swinfin at the produce stall, the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry at the hoop-la, also the Countess of Bessborough, Mrs. Diana Daly, and Lady George Scott. When the rain came stalls had to be moved inside and everyone carried on to help raise funds for this very good cause.

The Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies do marvellous work to bring the poor afflicted children up in the happiest conditions, and also teach them to be useful citizens and take their part in the busy world of today.

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The wedding of M. Alain Camu and Miss Teresa Crossley, the son of Lord and Lady Pakenham was best man and proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom when they cut their cake under the Gothic porch beside the lawn. Besides those mentioned on page 218 (where pictures of the wedding appear), also there to wish them happiness were Lady Crossley, Lord and Lady Kenyon and their son, the Hon. Richard Tyrell-Kenyon, Lady (David) Kelly, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., talking to Mr. Oliver Poole, chairman of the Conservative Party, Sir Anthony Lindsay Hogg, Comte and Comtesse Geoffrey d'Armont-Lynden, Comte and Comtesse Baudouan de Grunne, Mr. Rene Lippens, Baron and Baronne Louis de Roy de Bliequy, Mr. Hugh Lumsden the bride's godmother, Miss Barbara Wace, the Countess of Rocksavage and Countess Jellicoe, greeting many friends she met in Brussels when her husband was at our Embassy there.

Also there were Miss Jennifer Burrows with the Hon. Camilla Gage and Miss Caroline Starkey, the Hon. Judith Browne, Miss Penelope Anstey, Miss Linda McNair Scott and Miss Gillian Bulkeley. The young couple, who are to make their home in Brussels, left with the good wishes of their friends for a honeymoon cruise around the Black Sea, Turkey and the Greek islands.

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The Egyptian Ambassador and Mme. Aboul-Fetouh received the guests with Lady Cook at the Anglo-Egyptian Society garden party which was held at the Egyptian Embassy. Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Society, was there, walking round looking after guests. Happily the weather was fine and everyone could enjoy tea or iced coffee on the terrace or down in the charming garden which it is so surprising to find in the heart of Mayfair.

Among personalities of the Diplomatic Corps at the party were the Syrian Ambassador and Mme. Armanazi, the Jordan Ambassador and Mme. Toukan, and the Yemen Charge d'Affaires. I met Lt.-Gen. R. G. Stone, treasurer of the Society, and his attractive wife, who were going on to another party, also Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson enjoying the garden.

Among the other guests were Viscount and Viscountess Stansgate, Air Vice-Marshal Sir William and Lady Havers, Sir Edward Wilshaw, Lady Grantchester, M. and Mme. Ahmed Hassan Youssef, Lady Cohen in orchid chiffon, Lady Graham-Little, Mrs. Molly Edgar looking charming in black, Sir Thomas Moore, Cdr. and Mrs. Ragab Fahmy and Sir Eric Pridie.



A wedding reception was held at the Savoy after the marriage of Miss Flavia Browning, younger daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Browning, to Capt. Alastair Tower, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Above: The young couple with the bridesmaids, Miss Diana Crawford, Miss Belinda Pascoe, Miss Charmian Butt and Miss Mary Robertson

Miss Dilys Radford and Mr. Peter Tower, the best man

Mrs. Guy Symondson, Lord Dunboyne and Miss A. Ashton



Mr. Christian Browning with Capt. and Mrs. Peter de Zulueta and Marie Therese

The Hon. Mrs. Fergus Matheson, Capt. Fergus Matheson and Colonel B. E. Luard

A. V. Swabbe





*Mrs. C. Watkins and Mrs. G. McKenzie-Smart with Brig. A. F. Stokes-Roberts*



*Mrs. W. J. Pegler, a player from South Australia, and her daughter Miss Margaret Pegler*

## THROUGH THE HOOPS

THIS year the Croquet Open Championships held at Roehampton Club coincided with the visit of the New Zealand Croquet Test Team. The singles was regained by Mr. J. W. Solomon, who got a triple peel



*Mrs. George Solomon was discussing the day's play with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tingey*



*Mr. A. Ross, captain of the New Zealand touring team, competing in the doubles*



*Mr. and Mrs. M. Reckitt with Mr. J. W. Solomon, singles champion, and Mr. E. P. C. Cotter*



*Mr. and Mrs. W. Longman, Maj. G. F. Stone and Mr. L. Kirk Greene who won the doubles*





## AIR GARDEN PARTY

THE Annual Garden Party of the Royal Aeronautical Society was held at Wisley this year. Among the highlights of the party were a flying display by the Hawker Hurricane (above), a name that will always be linked with the Battle of Britain, and a static show of "old timers"



*Stephen Waite and Janet Lewis inspect a Tiger Moth cockpit*



*W/Cdr. and Mrs. M. D. Day, with their sons Rory and Stephen, flew in in a de Havilland Dragonfly*



*Mr. and Mrs. John Profumo, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Watkinson*



*Mr. Edward Bals explains an aerial sprayer to Mrs. A. Fountain*



*Capt. O. P. Jones, the famous pilot, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton*

*Van Hallan*



# COWES

GABOR DENES writes  
about the crown of  
the yachting year

*Though the great cutters  
have gone, the value  
of Cowes remains: for it  
affords supreme recog-  
nition of sailing as one  
of the major sports  
of a seafaring nation*

LAST year's Cowes Week proved that with a little help from Royal patronage and sunny weather, this great yachting festival can become an attraction to the uninitiated members of the public. Packed steamers from the mainland were ceaselessly pouring in their loads of sightseers who came to watch the racing from the crowded Parade.

They may have been drawn by the desire to see something of the Royal Duke, either sailing one of his racing boats, or dashing past in a Royal barge acknowledging the cheers with a friendly smile, but all the same while waiting for such a fleeting sight they saw, and let us hope learnt to enjoy, the beauty of the busy starts and the thrill of the exciting finishes.

The net result must be beneficial to the sport; more and more people are bound to get interested and some of them will eventually want to take up sailing for themselves. Quite clearly today the strength, survival and future prosperity of yachting depends on beginners in sailing dinghies who may later graduate to larger yachts.

Cowes Week starts again in a few days, and while the vagaries of the weather are unpredictable, yachtsmen will be fortunate in having their Royal friend with them again. Prince Philip will be at Cowes from Sunday until Thursday, and no doubt he will take part in the racing at the helm of one or other of his yachts, the Dragon Class Bluebottle, or Coweslip the Flying Fifteen, or he may just go for a spin in his new Uffa Fox designed "outsize" dinghy, the twenty-four foot long Fairey Fox. He is also going to make yachting history when, as the new president of the Royal Yachting Association—the national authority of the sport—he takes the chair for the first time at the usual Cowes Week meeting of its Council. By his invitation this meeting is being held on board the Royal Yacht Britannia.

CERTAINLY the Council meeting is not going to be a mere formality; the agenda is not known at the time of writing, but important matters will be discussed, further evidence that the new president's interest in the Association is not merely nominal, but very practical indeed. One subject sure to be dealt with is the selection of the British Olympic yachting team for the Melbourne Games on the basis of the report of the Olympic Committee. Trials have been held for all five classes concerned, and the winners of these on points are known, but there is much speculation regarding the final selection, as it was made clear from the outset by the R.Y.A. Council that the winners of the trials will not necessarily be chosen as representatives.

Accordingly, it is only possible to conjecture, with the exception of the 5.5 metre class where the selection of Vision (Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry) was made known some time ago. The Dragon class, on the other hand, is by no means decided. Three or four boats have been in the running, and one of these is Bluebottle, owned by the Queen and Prince Philip. Under her present sailing master, Lt.-Cdr. Graham Mann, R.N., she has been more successful than at any time since she was built in 1948. In the recent Edinburgh Cup racing on the Clyde she was the highest placed of the British entries, and it would not be a great surprise if the Olympic Committee recommended her selection.



*Close hauled off the green shores of the Isle of Wight*

That would be a happy choice and a most popular one in this country and in Australia.

Regarding the three remaining classes, it would be futile to forestall the Council's decision, but my guess is that Roy Mitchell or Bruce Banks will be chosen for the Stars, Jasper Blackall or Charles Currey for the Sharpies and Vernon Stratton or Jack Knights for the single-hander Finn class.

Cowes Week opens, as usual, with the Royal Southampton Y.C. Regatta on Saturday, Sunday belongs to the Royal Thames Y.C., and Monday to the Royal London. From Tuesday to Friday racing is under the Royal Yacht Squadron flag, augmented by races for some classes given by the Royal London on Tuesday, the Island Sailing Club on Wednesday and Thursday, and the Cowes Town Regatta on Friday. The week ends with the Royal Southern Y.C. day on the second Saturday. The principal event of the week is the race for the Britannia Cup presented to the Royal Yachting Association by King George VI, which will take place on Tuesday.

THIS race is open to cruising yachts of 30-60 ft. R.O.R.C. rating, with a minimum waterline length of 30 ft., and the course this year will take this big handicap class round the Isle of Wight. Other important events for the big class are the New York Yacht Club Cup on Thursday and the Sir Walter Preston Cup on Monday. Both these will be sailed on courses round the buoys in the Solent this year, and I understand that entries are well up to the usual numbers.

There will be four ex-twelve metres competing in the big class, Flica II (H. R. Attwood), Kaylena (Lt.-Col. R. N. MacDonald-Buchanan), Vanity (Lt.-Cdr. P. S. Boyle, R.N.V.R.) and Iyrana (J. A. G. Boyden), and although the latter two have a somewhat cut down sail area, the four of them will not only set a high standard for the class, but it will be a magnificent sight to watch them racing. The small handicap class is expected to be well represented, and the meteoric rise in the numbers of the new South Coast One Design class promises big fleets every day, but there is a sad decline in the metre classes.





*Jockeying at the start of one of the larger handicap classes*



*Contestants in the New York Yacht Club race at Cowes, 1953*

As far as is known, only two six metres are going to race, *Arlette* (Lt.-Col. J. E. Harrison) and *Royal Thames* (Royal Thames Y.C. Syndicate). This is not altogether surprising, as the class has been moribund since the war, and only the biennial Fish American Cup matches have kept it going. No doubt next season will again bring a small increase in numbers. No new six metres have been built since last season to replace the few started ones, and it is not likely that more than six will be going. *Yeoman* (Owen A. Aisher) has been greatly improved by alterations made to her hull as a result of further tank testing at the National Physical Laboratory, and she can now put up much more opposition to *Vision*, the chosen Olympic representative, which will be a good thing all round.

SEVERAL new Dragons have joined the Solent fleet this year, and the class may be further augmented by some foreign visitors who may have stayed in British waters after racing on the Clyde. The British-French team race for the Etienne de Ganay Cup starts at Bembridge immediately after Cowes Week, and it is hoped that the French team of three Dragons will arrive in time to race during the week. The National Swallow Class will have their championship race on the Sunday, and they are expected to turn out in the usual number of twenty odd, while the "X" One Designs will once more make the largest class racing at Cowes.

The Royal Ocean Racing Club is starting two races from Cowes during the week, and the entries for these, including several foreign ones, will add colour and interest to the fleet of yachts assembled in the Roads and in the harbour. The race to Plymouth starts on Friday and the 540-mile race to San Sebastian on Saturday, both from the Squadron Line.

We cannot expect such another perfect sunny week as we had last year; it is much more likely that we shall have the more usual mixture of every kind of weather; hot and cold, bright and dull, and winds ranging from nil to half a gale, which can be most exasperating. But I am quite certain that it will be taken in the right spirit, as all part of the fun.



*Idle sheets and sails that will shortly be taut with strain*



## PETER USTINOV AND PAVLA

ONE of Britain's most distinguished young men of the theatre is seen here with his two-year-old daughter Pavla. He is currently playing a leading part in his own play *Romanoff And Juliet* at the Piccadilly Theatre, which is drawing crowds to enjoy the wit and ironic philosophy contained in this writer's best work. Peter Ustinov is married to Suzanne Cloutier, the French-Canadian actress. A recent addition to the family is their ten-weeks-old son Igor



## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

MANY of the feats of arms we fondly celebrate were defeats or retreats or blunders or disasters: Rorke's Drift and the last fight of the Revenge; the Charge of the Light Brigade and the retreat to Corunna; the evacuation from Dunkirk and the retreat from Mons.

But today six regiments of the line—the Suffolks, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the K.O.S.B.s, the Hampshires, and the K.O.Y.L.I.s—celebrate with roses in their caps and their Colours on parade one of the most resounding victories in British military history. For it was on August 1, 1759, that two white-gaitered lines mostly of British but partly of Hanoverian infantry, some in cocked hats and some in mitred caps, and with the roses in their buttonholes that they had picked as they marched through Westphalian flower gardens to Minden Heath, advanced at a parade pace through the cross-fire of sixty-six field pieces; were charged six times by the French cavalry and six times threw it back, tumbling it at last, as the French marshal later despondently admitted, "into ruin."

Eighteen years ago, on Minden Day, 1938, I saw the 2nd Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers (which regiment, then the XXth Foot, suffered the heaviest losses of them all at Minden), troop the Colour to celebrate the regiment's 250th birthday.

The parade was smothered in roses—yellow and crimson roses in every cap, wreathed on the Colours, and on the headbands of the horses ridden by the commanding officer and the adjutant. The drums that beat the "Minden March" were swathed thick with roses, and there were roses along the cords hanging from them. I have never seen regimental pride so handsomely paraded, and I hope that the six Minden regiments swagger it as splendidly today.

ESPECIALLY, too, I hope that the Lancashire Fusiliers maintain the custom by which, in the mess on Minden Day, each subaltern who has joined within the year stands after dinner, one foot on his chair and one on the table, and eats a rose, washing it down (lest he choke) with

champagne. Not until he has thus ceremonially eaten his Minden rose is a young officer fully a Lancashire Fusilier.

Early in the last war I was thus made a Lancashire Fusilier myself, being in fact a war correspondent at the time, uniformed but civilian—and I cannot remember by which battalion. It is my pride that I know of no other civilian who has thus become an honorary soldier—as others become lawyers—by dining.

A RAW rose to eat, I may here confide, is what one imagines cotton-wool impregnated with hair-oil would be like. Rose-petals candied, on the other hand, are palatable if a little precious, and I used to know, years ago, an otherwise virile and robust man, given at other times of the day to hard liquor, savoury meats and rude words, whose delight was rose-petal jam, specially imported from Turkey, for breakfast.

Each man, though, to his taste. Another friend, of the same period, used to break his fast each morning on beefsteaks and bottled beer, and my own addiction to



smoked fish for that same meal may be as distasteful to some as my rose-petal friend's scented sybaritism of a morning was to me.

By dinner-time, though, we both used to share a fellow-feeling for that "old Rich, miserable Fellow of All Souls," of whom an eighteenth-century epitaph ran: *Here lyes Doctor Sergeant within these Cloysters, Whom if ye last Trump don't wake, then crye Oysters.*

\* \* \*

IT has been an odd story from the very beginning, the history of the Dead Sea Scrolls—"the most precious discoveries of their kind since the Renaissance." We shall never know for certain, even, how the first scrolls were discovered, for the Bedouin boy, who was fifteen when he found them, that day in 1947—it is typical that nobody can be sure whether it was February or March or April—has said sometimes that it was a lost goat he was looking for, in the caves by the Dead Sea, sometimes a sheep.

One story is that he threw a stone at a runaway goat that had jumped into the cave, and broke the pottery jar in which were the scrolls; another is that he and others, smuggling goods across the Jordan, sought shelter in the cave from a thunderstorm.

Now, Professor Burrows of Yale, in a new book published here by Secker and Warburg, tells the whole astonishing story up to now (besides giving an account of the contents of the scrolls), beginning with a chapter that couldn't be matched in the most imaginative of thrillers: the bustle, hither and thither, by English scholars and Americans, Jews and Arabs, sheikhs and ambassadors, sceptics and enthusiasts, in a Jerusalem where (the United Nations' resolution on the partition of Palestine having been passed on the very day the scrolls first changed hands) "there was no longer any effective government in the country, and no perceptible prospect of any."

Scholars had to go on foot, because their cars were being hi-jacked, and not the least anxiety was that the scrolls might be bombed before they had even been deciphered. Indeed, one monastery they had been housed in was shelled just after



CAPT. JOHN H. ILLINGWORTH, R.N., is a name renowned above all others in the world of ocean yacht racing. He was chairman of the committee which arranged the successful and spectacular Torbay-Lisbon sailing race recently

they had been moved to greater safety, and their monk-custodian killed. There was a time when Jewish and Arab scholars had to meet secretly, to discuss the staggering discovery, in the neutral shelter of a Jerusalem Y.M.C.A.

THE story of the scrolls is by no means over. Some are in Jerusalem, and some in the United States; some belong to Manchester University and some to Montreal; and controversy—no longer about their undeniable authenticity, but about date and meaning—rumbles like the sandstorms and thunderstorms that

flay the bare hills, as strangely frightening as a lunar landscape, where they were found.

Where, in fact, they are still being found. One of the most fascinating stories in any recent morning newspaper—I would match it against Marilyn Monroe's marriage and the come-back of Washbrook—was *The Times's* dispatch from its special correspondent in Bethlehem of how Khalil Iskander Shalim sits before his cobbler's shop, sipping his spiced coffee, and buying newly discovered fragments at so much a square inch from the Bedouins who are combing the caves that riddle the hills between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea—an Arabian Nights figure, firmly established now as the official agent for the Dead Sea scrolls, on a ten per cent basis.

The caves continue to yield fragments of manuscript, and there are rumours of complete Old Testament books newly discovered, and still to be deciphered. Who, ten years ago, would have dreamed to hear, as *The Times's* correspondent reports to have heard, the word "Leviticus!" being whispered excitedly at Jerusalem cocktail parties?

\* \* \*

LATELY the Duke of Bedford has been explaining how he hopes to maintain his family's connection with Woburn, even if that with Devon and that with Bloomsbury both have to be sacrificed to pay for it. But, he says, totting up the cost of repairs and rates and staff and taxes, "it's no fun being a duke and a landowner."

Yet it is no longer ago than his grandfather's time, a mere half-century back, that (the historian of the family has recorded) "all was conducted with a remote stately splendour": a footman was allotted to each guest at luncheon and at dinner, while at breakfast each guest had "a separate little tea-pot, and that tea-pot was of gold."

A friend told me once how, staying at a British embassy abroad and bidden, on her first day there, to come down to breakfast in a dressing-gown—"We're quite informal"—she was a little over-faced, as they say, to be served with bacon and eggs on a plate of solid silver engraved with the Royal arms: what would she have said to a golden tea-pot?

## BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham





*Patricia Applin with Silver Merlin who won the  
14-2 show class and Pony Championship*



*Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Applin with their  
children David and Pat*



*Philippa Hutchinson, Mrs. Ursula  
Hutchinson and Mr. D. Dennis*

## YOUNG RIDERS AT CRANBOURNE

THE Cranbourne Horse Show is always a popular event in the South West, and this year's show lived up to the high standard expected of it. Of particular note was the strong young entry, who gave the spectators some examples of really first-class horsemanship on a day when the weather consented to be kind

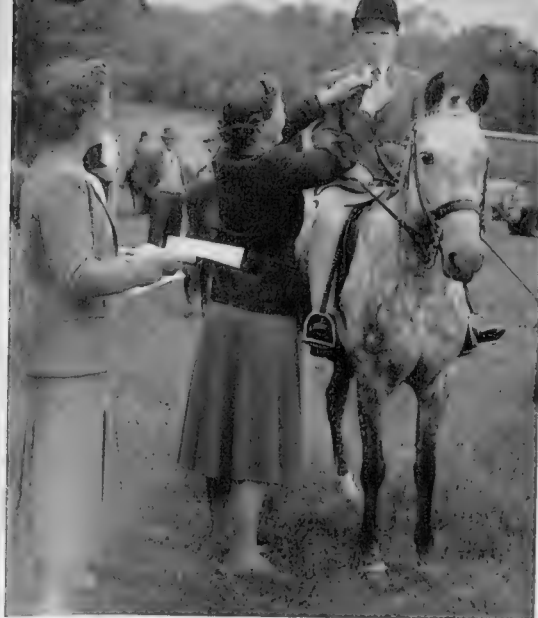
*Photographs by Victor Yorke*

*Elizabeth Ironmonger on Kitty, with Miss Gillian  
Dewey, Miss Jill Evans and Miss Shirley Griffin*

*James and Sarah Mallett and Philippa Hutchinson,  
three young riders who took part in several of the events*







*Mrs. Anne Haycock, Mrs. Dorrie Anderson and Neville Anderson*



*Above: Sally Harding, Patricia Norman, Miss V. Norman and Mrs. R. Norman. Below: Viscountess Cranbourne and the Hon. Richard Cecil*



*Mrs. R. N. Allenby with Susan Allenby on her pony Arabesque. Below: Mrs. Corbett, Robert Corbett and Mr. R. Corbett with Miss Mistletoe*



## FRENCH DANCERS IN LONDON

THE French ballet stars Josette Clavier and Jean Pierre Alban of the Paris Opera Ballet are appearing at the Festival Hall as guest artists with the London Festival Ballet. They are dancing in "Swan Lake" and the "Nutcracker Suite." Both of them are twenty-two years of age



### Priscilla in Paris

## A HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR LA GLOIRE



FROM THE ISLAND.—When one returns, year after year, to the same little shack on the same little island, one has the impression during the first few days of playing the childhood game of Happy Families. One makes pertinent inquiries about the locals who are all old friends, especially the grocer, butcher, baker and other purveyors of the necessities and luxuries that pernicky townfol demand on their summer holidays.

An exchange of solicitous questions and smiling replies made before one gets down to the mundane facts about the so-called "deep-sea" oysters, the anxious request that not ALL the sweetbreads go to the new chef (he once did a season at Deauville, *ma chère!*) at the Hotel St. Paul, and will cream cheese be available on Tuesdays and Saturdays? ("But of course, Madame, if the milk supply is sufficient this year . . . Madame remembers that last August . . . ?") Madame does! Madame also remembers something far more important; one could make fond inquiries after the baker's, the butcher's, grocer's and carpenter's sons without dreading the reply.

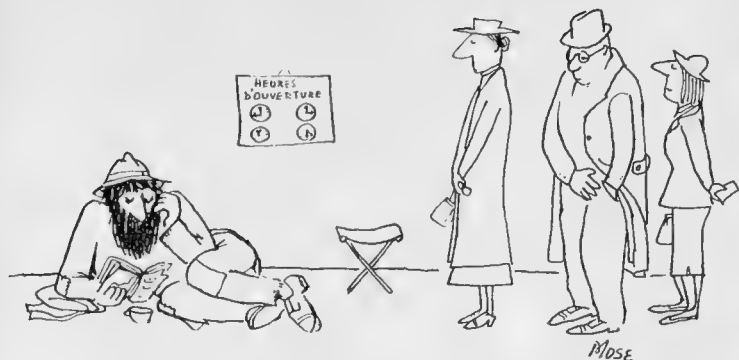
This year the Happy Families are not so happy.

"*Hélas, madame, il est parti!* But yes, indeed, Northern Africa!"

GRANNIES who have seen two world-wars-to-end-war are resigned. Mothers, who have managed often, thanks to their own privations, to rear their children through the last one, are bitter and all the new young wives are anguished.

Petit Pierre—"petit" though he is one of the tallest, lankiest lads I have ever seen—is the carpenter's son and has become a fine artisan himself. I have known him since he was in rompers. That was at a time when his father was putting bookshelves up in my little shack and audibly wondering what on earth one woman could be doing with so many books. Two years ago, when he was just twenty, Petit Pierre got into trouble with an electric saw, losing three fingers and much blood over the business. It happened a few weeks before he was due to present himself for *le service militaire*. The cynical need not sneer. There was no dirty work in the woodshed. The island boys who have never left the plot of land where they were born are not averse to travel and Petit Pierre was raring to go! That maimed right hand, however, was not good enough for the army. He stayed





at home and became better acquainted with the saw and with Louisette.

Last September I danced at his wedding. Now we are busy with knitting needles but Petit Pierre will not be here to welcome his firstborn. Even with three fingers missing N.A. has need of him now. Just one of those things—and there are many of those things all over France.

MEANWHILE we are in the midst of celebrating the national holiday. There is dancing on the village green—otherwise the place du Marché—the flags are out, the shops are closed, the cafés are open and Monsieur the Mayor, in his best broadcloth and gold-fringed sash of office, is rehearsing the patriotic speech he will deliver on the steps of the Monument des Morts. The lads of the volunteer fire brigade, who form a guard of honour, have polished their helmets to a state of dazzlement that is blinding but new onlookers seem surprised at their battered condition. Old habitués explain that it is because the domestic uses they are put to are manifold and that they are often used by expert motor cyclists as crash helmets!

I did not see the fireworks or the torchlight procession having decided to run up to Paris for the evening. I had argued, rightly, that there would be little traffic on the *nationales* of France on this home-town-village-and-hamlet-holiday, but I had forgotten the public balls. What I gained on the high roads I lost on the villages. It is not considered etiquette to disturb, with even the most diffident of hoots, the crowds that attend the open air dances outside all the cafés! I reached Paris so late that even the torchlight was merely a trickle.

WAS hungry and all I could discover in the flat—Josephine being on holiday—was a tin of *sardines à l'huile* and a packet of *beurres*; but all night long one can find food in Paris, especially on the Left Bank where I so peacefully live between the gaiety of the cellars of St. Germain des Prés and the austerity of Bishop Feltin's Echevêché. I slipped round to the Relais where one can get anything, at any time, from a boiled egg to a *foie gras* without any obligation as to champagne, and not only did I find food but congenial company also—theatre fans! They were discussing the excellent performances that guest companies have been giving during the Festival of Paris this summer.

"You missed a remarkable show," said Fan No. 1 accusingly, "old *Schweik* done by the Theatre Workshop!" I swallowed quickly and made Ollendorffian reply: "Yes, but I saw the Dublin players in *Candida* and indeed I agree with J.-J. Gautier, Eithne Dunne does remind one of Edwige Feuillère and Suzanne Flon! And wasn't the Birmingham Repertory theatre company wonderful in *Caesar And Cleopatra*?" asked Fan No. 2, "Doreen Aris is the cleverest bit of innocent perversity that I have ever seen!"

I answered that I shared his opinion but I also added, a little coldly, that perhaps it is as well that Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault have just returned from their tour of the Southern Americas, for there are some fine theatrical companies in France too! "*Bien entendu*," chorused my friends, "but the Barraults can't get hold of a theatre in Paris for the moment, that's why we shall have to go to London to see them in November!"

We parted somewhat stiffly!

### Vive la vérité

- In business lies are never necessary, rarely useful and always dangerous!



THE BARONNE ALAIN DE GUNZBURG and her son Johnnie in the garden of their magnificent family mansion in the avenue de Marechal-Fayolle overlooking the Bois de Boulogne. The Baronne is a Canadian from Montreal and her husband is a member of a distinguished banking family



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS FAIZA OF EGYPT is the second daughter of his late Majesty King Fuad. She makes her home partly in Istanbul and partly in Paris. She is seen here in the garden of her house on the rue de l'Université

## At the Theatre

# A TREEFUL OF CHIPS

"LOOK BACK IN ANGER" (Royal Court). Cliff Lewis (Alan Bates) listens in long-suffering and good-natured silence to the tirades of arch-hater Jimmy Porter (Kenneth Haigh), for whom everything is wrong with the world, while his adoring wife Alison (Mary Ure) breaks her heart in squalor and silence. Below: Helena Charles (Helena Hughes), another of Jimmy Porter's willing victims, in conversation with a disapproving Col. Redfern (John Welsh). Drawings by Emmwood



"CONTEMPORARY" is the boss word in the theatre today, and Sloane Square is the place where we hope to learn how its magic syllables sound when they are pronounced properly. There at the Royal Court the English Stage Company are making a bold bid to find a national equivalent to the up-to-the-clock Paris drama which, however wryly amusing in its reckless nihilism, is reckoned as perhaps too savagely despairing for our taste. So far the nearest thing to what the company hope to find has come not from the novelists and poets who are being coaxed into writing for the theatre but from an actor-dramatist, Mr. John Osborne. *Look Back in Anger* seems to be a bad play, but no play can be considered bad if it has provoked the curiosity of all sorts of people.

Its hero is an angry young man who is painfully afflicted with the disease of nagging. He nags his women and his best friends, but the really pitiable thing is that he cannot stop nagging himself. Other people can get away from him, but he cannot escape from himself. He seems to have got his love impulses and his hate impulses sadly mixed up, and his cries of agony take

the form of nagging. Presumably what makes him a contemporary and therefore a sympathetic figure is that though university trained and terrifically articulate he sees no point in competing with others of his age in the degrading struggle to make a decent home for himself and his gently nurtured wife. No career attracts him. So he runs a small sweet stall and lives in a sordid attic.

WHILE his wife silently does the ironing on Sunday night he and his friend read the "posh" newspapers of the day for the hundredth time, and he rails at the world which they reveal in good set fashion. At the end of each tirade he is likely to gird hurtfully at his companions for

their stupid indifference to the cracking good points he is making at the general set-up of things. The friend is genially patient, his wife dumbly polite, but then they must have heard what he has to say many times before and are perhaps punch-drunk.

What bites him hardest is that he has married a colonel's daughter. She adores him and is obviously ready to slave for him night and day, but her devotion cannot excuse her crime of belonging to a class socially superior to his own. She may say that she thinks her mother's opposition to the marriage was ridiculous, but however often she says it he nags her back into what he suspects is a guilty silence. But when his disease lets up on him for a bit he can be disarmingly agreeable, and he is even capable of a little goo-ey conjugal whimsey about pretending to be squirrels and bears.

The play is more or less a study of this single character. His views and his clever expression of them may be strictly contemporary, but his principal strength seems to lie in that old thing called sex-appeal. He disgusts his wife's best friend by his brutal treatment of her and when she has gone away to have her baby alone her friend slaps the brute's face. She straightaway falls for him and takes the wife's place. And eventually the wife returns (having lost her child) grovelling in surrender to the man she cannot live without. We can only hope that the chronic disease of nagging from which he suffers will abate in course of time.

THE piece is acted well. Mr. Kenneth Haigh contrives somehow to touch the aggressive talker with sympathy; Miss Mary Ure suggests that the inarticulate wife really suffers; and Miss Helena Hughes makes theatrically effective her sudden change from contempt to infatuation.

Another play in the company's repertory, Mr. Nigel Dennis's adaptation of his own brilliantly satirical novel, *Cards Of Identity*, is an equally bad play though it is a great deal more amusing. The adaptation is so shaped that for quite a long while those who have not read the novel will not know what it is all about.

A series of revue sketches threaded with marvellously funny Freudian jokes are only later explained by the theory that since the individual has lost his old anchorage in society it has become dreadfully simple to graft a false identity on him. Mr. Michael Gwynn, Miss Joan Greenwood and Miss Joan Plowright make delightful fun of the various graftings, and Mr. George Devine scores a success with a drunken priest's witty though perhaps tasteless jugglery with the Christian verities.

—Anthony Cookman







## New Governor's lady for "South Sea Bubble"

ELIZABETH SELLARS is to take over as the vivacious Governor's lady at the Lyric Theatre when Vivien Leigh leaves the cast this month. Miss Sellars, whose last West End appearance was in the comedy "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker," is one of this country's most selective and accomplished young actresses, and chooses with particular care the plays and films in which she will appear. She is also co-starring with Jack Hawkins in "The Man In The Sky"



*Bridal attendants Victoria and Sarah Callander, Jamie Bruce, Lady Caroline Cholmondeley, daughter of the Earl of Rocksavage, and Kinvara Cayzer*

## MISS TERESA CROSSLEY'S WEDDING

COMBERMERE ABBEY in Shropshire (writes Jennifer), the fine home of Sir Kenneth Crossley, made a beautiful setting for the reception after the wedding of his granddaughter Miss Teresa Crossley, daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Crossley, M.P., and Mrs. Crossley, to M. Alain Camu, elder son of M. and Mme. Louis Camu, of Brussels. Guests were received by the bride's mother and bridegroom's parents in the finely panelled first floor library with the young couple beside the magnificent fireplace, on each side of which were arranged two immense vases of lilies. Then everyone descended to the lawn which runs down to the vast lake which reflected the magnificent trees dotted about the park; some of the oaks are the oldest in the country.

The ceremony was solemnized by Father Dominique de Grunne and Father B. Keaton in the little church of St. Joseph's, Weston, and the bride, who is an outstandingly pretty girl, was given away by her grandfather, Sir Kenneth Crossley. She wore a high-neck dress of exquisite white lace made with a full skirt flowing into a train, and her lace-edged veil was held in place by a coronet of lilies of the valley. Her page, James Bruce, wore a white satin doublet with a yellow shirt and short plum-coloured trousers.

She was attended by four child bridesmaids, Lady Caroline Cholmondeley, Kinvara Cayzer,

her nieces Sarah and Victoria Callander, and eight older bridesmaids, Miss Anne Grant, Miss Lenette Bromley-Davenport, Miss Veronica Balfour, Miss Charlotte Bowater, Miss Suzanna Chancellor, Miss Tatiana Orloff-Davidoff, Mlle. Christine Laurent-Atthalin and Miss Mary-Anne Hare. They all wore long white organdie and lace dresses; the children had white mob caps and the older girls white satin bandeaux in their hair.

THE Duke of Kent was among the guests, who included many friends and relations from Belgium. Among these I saw the bridegroom's brother, M. Bernard Camu, his grandmother, Mme. Leon Camu, his uncles, M. Robert Fontaine and M. Paul Fontaine with his very charming wife and their son and two attractive daughters. Also the Duc and Duchesse d'Ursel and Baron and Baronne Boel. The bride's grandparents, Brig. and Mrs. Alan Thomson were present, and I met her sister Mrs. Ronald Callander and her husband, who were both busy looking after the guests; also her aunts, Lady Tweedsmuir with Lord Tweedsmuir, Mrs. Schubert who had flown over from Portugal for the wedding, Mrs. Scheunert and Mrs. Frank Gillingham.

Mme. Laurent-Atthalin, very chic in a white dress and jacket, who had come over from Paris with her attractive bridesmaid daughter, was talking to her cousin Countess Alphonse Kinsky and the Hon. Anthony Cayzer.



*Mrs. Watney, Mr. O. V. Watney and Mrs. Sandy Grant*



*The Duke of Kent talking to Miss Charlotte Bowater. Below, Miss Tatiana Orloff and Mr. Ian Rankin*







Baronne Boel, Countess Jellicoe and  
to Rev. D. de Grunne



Lord and Lady Kenyon and Lady Kelly.  
Below, M. d'Aspremont, the Duchesse  
d'Ursel and M. Van Der Bruyzen



The bride and bridegroom await their guests in the beautifully  
panelled hall of Combermere Abbey

van der Buren

## At the Pictures

# MAN IN GREY, PLODS AWAY

IT seemed to me I spent a lifetime with *The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit*—but the cinema clock told me coldly that, in fact, only two hours and thirty-three minutes had gone by since I first made his acquaintance. It would doubtless have taken me longer than that to read Mr. Sloan Wilson's novel upon which this painstaking picture is based—if I had read it faithfully, word by word, I mean. But between ourselves, dear heart, I suspect I would have skipped a good deal of it and, in my opinion, Mr. Nunnally Johnson, who wrote the screenplay and directed the film, would have been well advised to do the same.

Mr. Gregory Peck has the title rôle and not the least fascinating thing about him is that, as far as I could see, he never does wear a grey flannel suit—the accepted uniform, I am told, of the broadcasting business. He is Mr. Average American, the nine-to-five office worker, with an ordinary wife (Miss Jennifer Jones) and three vastly uninteresting children.

To better himself, Mr. Peck takes a public relations job with a broadcasting tycoon—beautifully played by Mr. Fredric March as a modern martyr, a man who has sacrificed health, strength and domestic happiness on the altar of Big Business. Mr. Peck confesses to a friend that he doesn't know anything about public relations. "Who does?" says the friend: "You go a clean shirt, bathe every day—that's all there is to it." That isn't quite all there is to it: apparently a capacity for agreeing with the boss is another essential. Mr. Peck prepares to settle down among the yes-men.

HIS wife is mortified: what, she asks Mr. Peck, has happened to him since the war—has he lost his guts? Nettled, perhaps, by the inelegance of this phrase, Mr. Peck points out with some asperity that the war was over more than ten years ago. This cheered me: at least, I thought, we shall be spared the usual dreary flashbacks. But we're not. We are whisked back to Mr. Peck's soldiering days—see him killing a young German for his warm top-coat, having a tender love affair in Rome with the exquisite Signorina Marisa Pavan, and inadvertently causing the death of his best friend.

Reminiscence has a salutary effect upon Mr. Peck: he decides that honesty is the best policy. Convinced that a speech with which Mr. March proposes to launch a campaign for mental health is all wrong, he tells him so. Mr. March is enormously impressed: Mr. Peck's promotion is clearly inevitable. Miss Jones is delighted—until Mr. Peck carries honesty to the length of telling her that he has a child in Italy, the fruit of his brief romance with Signorina Pavan.

AT this moment the film comes sharply to life and Miss Jones, ugly in a convulsive, unreasoning passion of jealousy, is suddenly a real person. The final scene, in which Miss Jones makes the decent gesture of any wise wife to any distressed husband, is admirably played—especially by Mr. Lee J. Cobb as a tired old judge, relieved to find he hasn't another divorce on his hands.

There is much that is good in the film—Miss Ann Harding as Mr. March's wife, haggard with riches and loneliness, and Messrs. Henry Daniell, strangely desiccated, and Arthur O'Connell, as the hollow men behind the tycoon, for instance—but an unnecessary sub-plot about a legacy and a wealth of irrelevant domestic detail make for general tedium. Cut by, let's say, an hour, this would be a very fine picture.

Covering my confusion as best I may, I have to confess I had never heard of Mr. Eddy Duchin until *The Eddy Duchin Story* came along. He was, I now understand, a pianist who, had he not died untimely, might have put Mr. Liberace in the shade—and what a good thing that would have been.

Young Mr. Duchin (Mr. Tyrone Power) comes to New York from Boston, brashly bent upon making a packet out of piano-playing. A rich society career girl—as whom dreamy-eyed Miss Kim Novak is surely miscast—launches and marries him. She dies in childbirth and Mr. Duchin is so distraught by this that he



FERNANDEL NOW A CLASSIC HERO. The great French comedian as Honorus the Conqueror, an ancient Greek who sailed to conquer Marseilles (at that time called Ligure) but married the daughter of the king of his enemies instead. The film, which is entitled "Honore de Marseille," is being made in France under the direction of Maurice Regamey





A RAILWAY EXPLOIT that almost won a war is retold in Walt Disney's "The Great Locomotive Chase" which opens in London this month. Starring in it is Fess ("Davy Crockett") Parker as James Andrews, a Union secret service agent who leads the operation

hands his infant son over to relatives and doesn't bother to visit him for five years. Their meeting is painful: Mr. Duchin can't understand why the little boy treats him as a stranger. This is the very bright of Mr. Duchin.

War service straightens the pianist out. He comes back from Japan or Korea or somewhere resolved to win his son's affection. It's pretty uphill work until he marries Miss Victoria Shaw—an extremely pretty and agreeably cool newcomer to the screen—by this time Mr. Duchin has only a year to live. The film is shamelessly a tear-jerker. You have been warned.

Mr. Power plays the piano like a mad thing and appears to find innocent enjoyment in jazzing up Chopin: I liked him best when he was teaching a solemn Korean (or Japanese?) baby "popsticks"—in a little scene, which, like that of his rainy-day courtship of Miss Novak, is both touching and charming.

The stars of *Rock Around The Clock* are Mr. Bill Haley and his Comets, Mr. Tony Martinez and his Band, Mr. Freddie Bell and his Bellboys, and The Platters—all of whom are dedicated to converting you to "rock 'n roll," which appears to me to be a sign that civilization is on its way out. While the so-called musicians bawl, strum and slap their basses, hordes of young people hurl themselves around the floor in grotesque contortions. I have rarely seen anything more alarming.

—Elsbeth Grant



KIM NOVAK is the rich society girl who marries brilliant young pianist Eddy Duchin in *The Eddy Duchin Story*, a biographical film about a popular American entertainer



VERA MILES stars with John Wayne in "The Searchers," a tale of two men, their family killed and carried off by the Indians, who spend years in a stirring relentless search for them and for revenge

MOIE CHARLES, playwright and scriptwriter, has just had a book on cookery published, "Come To Supper" (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), which contains one menu a week for a year, maximum ten shillings a head. She has just finished a new film script with a driving background, written in collaboration with Sheila Van Damm, and is currently writing a novel for the spring

## Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen



Paul Tanqueray

# A NOTEBOOK FOR POSTERITY

REFLECTIVE wit, a far-ranging eye for the curious, and an inconsequence less naïve than it seems—these characterize the writings of Peter Fleming, collected under the title **My Aunt's Rhinoceros** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.) These pieces appeared in *The Spectator*, being the output of none other than Strix—first as the columnist of "A Spectator's Notebook," later as weekly essayist, successor to the post long held by Sir Harold Nicolson.

Commentary, decidedly, is an art in itself. At its best, it proves remarkably non-ephemeral—what evoked it may vanish (swept away downstream out of memory) but the flavour of personality remains. Terse as are some of the "Notebook" paragraphs in *My Aunt's Rhinoceros*, they show how "occasional" writing survives occasions. I commend to you, in particular, "The End Of The World," "A.I.," "Nice To Know," "The Reveller," "Royal Borough," "A Wet Summer," and "Pistols Weaken"—this last having arisen from a Kenya-bound friend's question: "Have you a spare revolver?"

MR. FLEMING more than reflects, he likes to speculate—and speculate, often, on the wellnigh insoluble. What *does* one do (in one's own home) with a rhinoceros head, rescued on sentimental impulse from among the dispersed belongings of one's late grandfather? What species of bird *had* Shakespeare—notable Nature expert—in mind, when he wrote of "russet-pated choughs"? What *starts* the conversion of tragedy into comedy? How long does it take, in fact, for an ill-starred hero, or drastic military miscalculation, to give rise to an allowable schoolroom giggle? This arises in "Rasputin And Byng," one of the most well-turned of the longer essays. And provocative, and I hope salutary, will be found his remarks on one modern addiction, in "Hero-Bashing"—iconoclasm run riot.

This essayist disclaims a head for statistics, but rewardingly (it appears) does he riffle through them—his "finds" are both surprising

and picturesque. Figures of speech are his quarry—such as, "I shudder to think." Might not, he asks, buses or other public transport be rocked if, by unhappy coincidence, several passengers *did* simultaneously shudder as they thought?

DOTTY as may seem (under analysis) the extremes we run to in our vocabulary, our behaviour—as humans—yields up what is even odder. Mr. Fleming, however, is no superior critic of fellow-man: his own reactions and conduct, from time to time, seem to him as enigmatic as mine or yours.

Possibly, animals have more sense. Sophie and Satan, two young pet foxes, and Nutto, a fiendish female domestic squirrel, came well out of their dealings with Mr. Fleming.



CHARLES V's suit of equestrian armour. One of the many illustrations in "St. Ignatius of Loyola," by L. von Matt and H. Rahner (Longmans, Green, 30s.)

Many of the essays have an agreeable, old-timer's outdoor background. Peter Fleming's own adventurous past is recalled by his *non-adventurous* attitude to the moon, and (in "With Fowler To Chungking") by some sound advice—"If you go to a country, never (if you can possibly avoid it) arrive first in its capital. The capital knows all the answers; but if you go there direct you will know none of the questions."

I have only one complaint: *My Aunt's Rhinoceros* has no index—it is hard, thus, to find one's favourite pieces again.

★ ★ ★

PETER DE VRIES also deals with Bohemia—this time, as rife in the small town of Decency, Connecticut, U.S.A. And, alas, the Bohemia of **Comfort Me With Apples** (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) is a lost paradise—shades of the prison-house (matrimony, paternity) close round our two aesthete-bravos, Chick and Nickie. Chick, having espoused Crystal, due to a muddle, steps into his father-in-law's shoes on the editorial staff of the local newspaper; Nickie, ensnared in like manner by Chick's sister, ends up, after lengthy insolvency, in the police force.

Nickie as a cop is hardly more a fish-out-of-water than is poor Chick, at grips with the agony column. Chick it is who tells the story—in the deadpan, dire, inimitable de Vries manner. Those who hold it must be impossible for a novel to be funnier than this author's first, *The Tunnel Of Love*, will concede that *Comfort Me With Apples* is as funny. The Mrs. Thicknesse episode, then the showdown with Crystal, are the high points—or so I consider. Here is domestic comedy gone haywire.

Nina Bawden's name already guarantees good reading. **The Solitary Child** (Crime Club, Collins, 10s. 6d.) is an advance, I think, on even its excellent predecessor,

[Continued on page 237]





*Miss Violet Stevenson, the authority on floral decoration, and her husband Mr. L. Johns*

## Floral Montacute

BEAUTIFUL and historic Montacute House in Somerset was the setting of the exhibition by the Floral Arrangement Association of South-West England in aid of the funds of the National Trust, which owns this great house. There were 550 arrangements and 250 exhibitors



*The exhibition was opened on the terrace by Elizabeth Countess of Bandon*

Victor Yorke



*Mr. Dennis Wheatley the writer, from Lymington, Mrs. Tony Ensor and Mrs. A. Matthews*

*Elizabeth Countess of Bandon and Mrs. Cecil Pope, who is chairman of the Association*



*Dr. and Mrs. Ian Spiridon from Cheltenham. Flowers were displayed in all parts of the house*

*Mrs. H. L. Shepperd and Mrs. William Downing. Montacute is one of England's finest Tudor houses*





By

Isobel Vicomtesse

d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

THIS week we have photographed clothes against the background of the cellars and vineyards of Epernay where we were the guests of the Comte Robert-Jean de Vogüé and the famous champagne firm of Moët & Chandon. Here is the birthplace of champagne, for at the Benedictine monastery at Hautvillers, Dom Perignon, the cellarer, first discovered how to obtain the fine sparkle and also evolved the art of blending grapes. The abbey and its vineyards have belonged to Moët & Chandon for nearly two centuries. Photographed in the cellars is Paul Jonas's strapless short evening dress (above) in oyster duchess satin with sparkling embroidery, with it a bright red satin stole. Dress 24½ gns., at Marshall & Snelgrove. Opposite: Horrockses charming short evening dress in pink satin; the bodice has a cuff and sash in white organza. Price 15½ gns. at Cresta Shops, New Bond Street, in early September. Photographs by Michel Molinare

IN THE CELLARS OF EPERNAY







*A FITTING MILIEU  
FOR CLOTHES WORN*

**WITH A SPARKLE**

THE two-pieces and the delectable dress are photographed against a background bearing the famous name of one of the most pleasure-bestowing of wines. The evening dress is posed against a stained glass window commemorating Dom Perignon, the Benedictine monk and cellarer to whom the house of Moët and Chandon owe so much since his discoveries in the last half of the eighteenth century. Founded in 1743, the firm got off alone to a flying start in the trade and at one time had almost a monopoly in the distribution of champagne throughout the world



The lilac coloured knitted two-piece from Rima (above) is to be had, price 17 gns., at Bazaar, King's Road, Chelsea. Pretty mandarin blue suit in boucle wool (right) from Pringles of Scotland, 12 gns. at Copland and Lye, Glasgow. Opposite, Finnigans' cocktail-time dress and jacket in stone coloured cloque, embroidered in gold and pearl, Price £71





# "Quand l'alouette monte par les prés"

OUT-OF-DOOR clothes against the champagne country background. The black and grey check dress and stole in fine wool (below) is from Matita. The dress has a rever collar, long bodice and pleated skirt. The fringed stole is lined in red jersey. Price 24½ gns. at Eve Valere, Knightsbridge. Right: A heavy jersey two-piece in oyster white by Swyzerli. The theme of the V-shaped neck is repeated at the bottom of the jacket. Price £20





# de Champagne"

—Ronsard



Michel Molinare

Beautifully cut tapered pants in white and black striped twill (left) from Finnigans. Worn with them is a Continental sweater with a straight neckline in black and white. Trousers, £9 5s., sweater £4 7s. 6d. Above: Gordon Lowe's navy gaberdine slacks, price 4½ gns., worn with their thick, heavy-knit polo-necked sweater in bright yellow, price £3 19s. 6d. Half-way up the hill can be seen the Chateau Saron



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

A SUIT TO LAST



A CHA COAL grey suit in a mixture of Terylene and worsted with a choice of two skirts: one slim fitting with three flat pleats at back and front (above), the other a sun-ray pleated skirt (right). With all-round pleated skirt the suit is 13 gns., with slim three-pleat skirt 14 gns. The wide beefeater hat in white brocade and black velvet is 11 gns., pink swathed organza hat 10 gns., white grosgrain blouse shown with the sun-ray pleated skirt 45s. 6d., black calf handbag £5 12s. 6d., white washable glaze gloves 25s. 9d. All from Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly, W.1



Two Jacquar cravats, one in red rayon with rose design, £2 9s. 6d., the other in green pure silk embroidered with a design of water lilies, £4 4s.



## *The final touch of imagination*



White pique jabot, tailored yet feminine, which makes a charming addition to a black or navy blue dress. It costs 8s. 11d. and is obtainable at Marshall and Snelgrove

A pure silk floral scarf, a yard square, printed with peonies. It costs £4 9s. 6d. and comes from Jacquar

*THE plainest clothes can be dressed up and enhanced by the addition of a well-chosen belt, collar or scarf; white collars and cuffs should always be impeccably fresh and crisp*

—JEAN CLELAND

Broderie anglaise collar and cuffs 9s. 11d., from Marshall & Snelgrove







Here are two belts with a difference. The top one is in black calf and goes twice round the waist, £4 14s. 6d. The lower one is in blue calf studded with figure medallions, £3 13s. 6d. Both come from Jacqmar

Two collars from Marshall and Snelgrove. The yoke collar in blue and white with a mandarin neck (above) costs 14s. 9d.; the blue and white cape collar rimmed with organdie (below) is 9s. 11d.

Enchantingly fresh and delicate is this white organdie cape collar with its frilled edge trimming of guipure lace. It costs £1 7s. 6d. and is obtainable at Marshall and Snelgrove



## Beauty

# Wedding perfection



AN ENCHANTING ARRANGEMENT of hair style and headdress for the young bride created by Alexis of Antoine. Above: Flowers and pearls crown this charming style. Below: side and front views



John Cole

"THE bride looked radiant." This is the sort of caption we expect to see underneath the photograph of a wedding. That she should look anything else on this day of days would be unthinkable. Her hair must shine, her eyes sparkle, and her complexion be as the "Rose softly blooming."

Here, for summer brides, are a few tips culled from some of the leading hairdressers and beauty salons. If taken in time, these may be useful. Most important of them all is this: Do *not* leave everything—as regards your appearance—to the last minute. Beauty at its best does not flower overnight. Like a plant, it needs tending.

Firstly hair. You will want this to look lovely, not only on the actual day, but throughout the honeymoon. However much you may economize in the way of sets and shampoos by doing these for yourself, be extravagant in getting an expert to give you a really good cut. This is the answer to the well-shaped head, and to the well-groomed look which lasts. Be careful as regards style, and choose something simple that you can manage yourself. Some styles are charming when you leave the hairdresser, but extremely difficult to cope with after the first two or three days.

**B**RISK brushing with a clean brush, night and morning, is still the best way to get a lasting sheen. Do it *every* day, and start this—if you are not doing it already—as long before the wedding as possible. If you are troubled with hair that is either too dry and brittle, or too oily, remember that there are various ways of correcting these conditions. For excessive dryness, it would be well worth your while to have a few special oil treatments, which are given at most good hairdressers. Some that I have tried myself, and find most effective, are given at Antoine's, and are done in conjunction with a radiant heat lamp, which drives the oil right into the roots of the hair. For oily hair camphor treatments are recommended. There are also excellent shampoos and tonics for both conditions which can be applied at the hairdressers, or bought for use at home.

Unless your hair is naturally curly, or you prefer to wear it straight, a good perm is practically a pre-wedding MUST. Do have this in plenty of time—I would say a fortnight or three weeks beforehand—since it always looks so much better after a couple of subsequent shampoos or sets. If you already have some previous perm left in your hair, and it is too soon to have another, take one of the good wave sets away with you so that you can easily take care of any little straggly ends. An application to damp the hair, followed by a pin-up overnight, and all will be well, even in spite of the exigencies of sun, wind and sea water.

**N**EXT complexion. No matter how busy you are with trousseau, fittings, "thank-you" letters and all the hundred and one things that crowd in upon the bride-to-be, do not lose sight of one all-important thing, that deep cleansing night and morning is the key to skin beauty. If you neglect to do this—maybe because you are too tired at night—your skin will look dingy, no matter how you try to disguise it with make-up. This is something upon which all beauty experts the world over are fully agreed.

If you are worried with any blemishes such as spots and pimples, you should go to one of the leading beauty salons at the earliest moment, and get expert advice.

For putting a good complexion on the wedding-day radiance, a liquid foundation is the best choice for keeping the make-up cool and matt. For subsequent use during the honeymoon, I would suggest a cream one for dry skin, and a liquid for oily. If you are going to sun bathe, do not forget to take one of the protective creams or lotions that guard the skin against the injurious rays of the sun, and act as a powder base at the same time.

—Jean Cleland



# THEY ARE ENGAGED



Yevonde

**THE Hon. Elizabeth Rees-Williams**, only daughter of Lord and Lady Ogmoo, of Alexandra Court, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Harris, of Overdale, Ennis Road, Limerick, Ireland



Lenore

**Miss Jane Winifred Mary Anton**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Anton, of Tudor House, Romsley, Bridgnorth, Salop, is to marry Mr. Robert James McAlpine, elder son of Mr. A. J. McAlpine, of Tickwood Hall, Muchwenlock, Shropshire, and Mrs. D. Hicknam, The Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas, British West Indies



Navana Vandyk

**Miss Mary Anne Vere Ogilvy**, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. C. H. H. Eales, M.C., and of Mrs. Vere Ogilvy, of Linton House, Sauchen, Aberdeenshire, is to marry Mr. Charles Pepler Norton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Norton, of Birtles Hall, Chelford, Cheshire



Yevonde

**Miss Miranda Mott**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mott, of Onslow Square, S.W.7, and Venables, Steep Marsh, Petersfield, Hants, is engaged to Capt. John Hoskyns, The Rifle Brigade, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. C. B. A. Hoskyns, and of Mrs. Hoskyns, of Cowden House, Cholderton, near Salisbury, Wiltshire



Vandyk

**Miss Flora Carr-Saunders**, daughter of Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, Director of the London School of Economics, and Lady Carr-Saunders, of Brompton Square, S.W.3, is to marry Mr. Peter Maxwell Stuart, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquair House, Peeblesshire, Scotland

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Pulsford—Holmes.** Mr. John Christopher E. Pulsford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Pulsford, of Beech Avenue, Radlett, Hertfordshire, was recently married to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Holmes, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Holmes, of Broad Oaks, Chigwell, Essex, at St. Mary's Church, Chigwell



**Haig—Morley.** Capt. Earl Haig, of Bemersyde, Melrose, Scotland, son of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig and of the late Countess Haig, married Miss Adrienne Therese Morley, daughter of Mr. Derrick Morley, of Islammore, Croom, Co. Limerick, and of Mrs. Seyd, of Edale, near Sheffield, at St. Columba's, Pont Street



**Margetson—Dickinson.** Mr. John Philip Thornycroft Margetson, younger son of Sir Philip and Lady Margetson, of Steyne Wood Battery, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, was recently married to Miss Catherine Margaret Christian Dickinson, only daughter of Mr. Christian Dickinson and step-daughter of Mrs. Dickinson, of Mill Hill, Brandsby, York, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



**Edwards—Gates.** The marriage took place at All Saints' Church, Woodford Green, of Mr. John Sartin Edwards, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Sartin Edwards, of Forest Lodge, Woodford Green, Essex, and Miss Ann Margaret Gates, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gates, of Daneswood, Much Hadham, Hertfordshire



**Henty—Sadler.** Mr. Jonathan Maurice Henty, son of the late Mr. R. I. Henty, and Mrs. Henty, of Fairyhill, Chichester, Sussex, was married to Miss Margaret Louise Sadler, daughter of the late Mr. D. W. Sadler, and of Mrs. Sadler, of Craigentor, Gilmerton, Perthshire, at the Parish Church of Monzie, Perthshire





"COSTUME CAVALCADE" by Henny Harald Hansen (Methuen, 21s.) is a beautifully produced book containing 685 examples of historic costume in colour down the ages. Above: Mme. Pompadour, from a painting in 1738, and Louis XV in Coronation robes, 1730

## Book Reviews

[Continuing from page 222]

*Change Here For Babylon*—though there may be readers who will find painful this close study of a pathological character. At first, one may be in doubt as to who the "solitary child" is—for, at the outset, twenty-two year old Harriet might seem to qualify for the rôle. She marries, for love, a middle-aged gentleman-farmer lately acquitted for his first wife's murder, and leaves London to live with him near the Welsh border. Though acquitted, James Random is still a suspect—locally.

Loyally, Harriet stops her ears to whispers—yet gradually loneliness plays on her, fears invade her. Then, her sixteen-year-old step-daughter joins the household. Beautiful, Undine-ish little Maggie—is she a happy addition to the party? Like the poor bride, one hopes so. The story shows.

★ ★ ★

WINSTON GRAHAM's considerable reputation is likely to be enhanced by *The Sleeping Partner* (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.). "Sophisticated suspense and deceptive simplicity" is, I see, by now his abundant legend: neither falls short in this tale of a vanished wife, and of love running counter to loyalty. Michael Granville, factory owner and top-rank radar expert, returns one evening to find a deserted home. Where is Lynn—and still more, why has she fled? And what, meanwhile, of his relations with Stella, his young married woman assistant in an experiment bound up with future warfare?

This is a novel, written with a convincing directness worthy of Nigel Balchin. We are deeply engaged, and sympathize, with the characters. This makes Michael's find in the cellar unbearably ghastly. (In a detective story, out-and-out, the reader is rather more armoured against horrors: possibly they do not seem quite so real.) Only towards the end, when the knot tightens, does one realize how nothing has gone for nothing. *The Sleeping Partner* holds, also, one verbal horror—why must Mr. Graham's characters always "phone"? More than once, he thus mis-names that useful instrument.

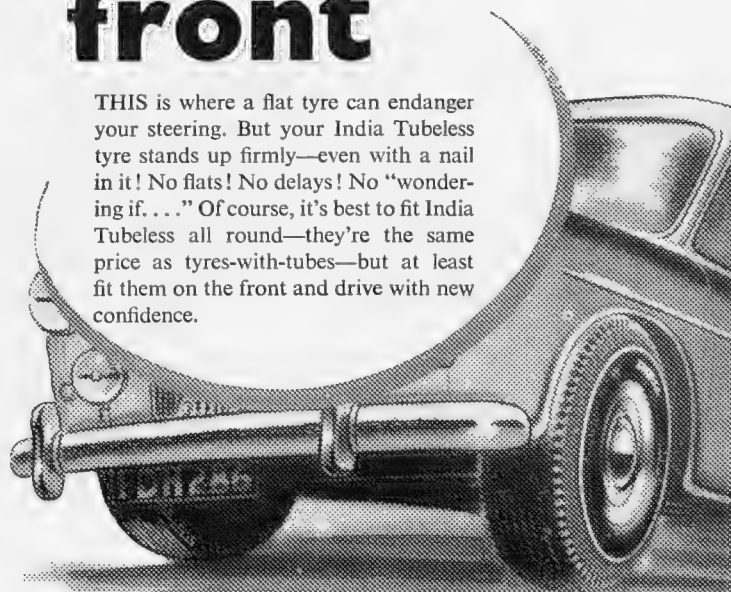
★ ★ ★

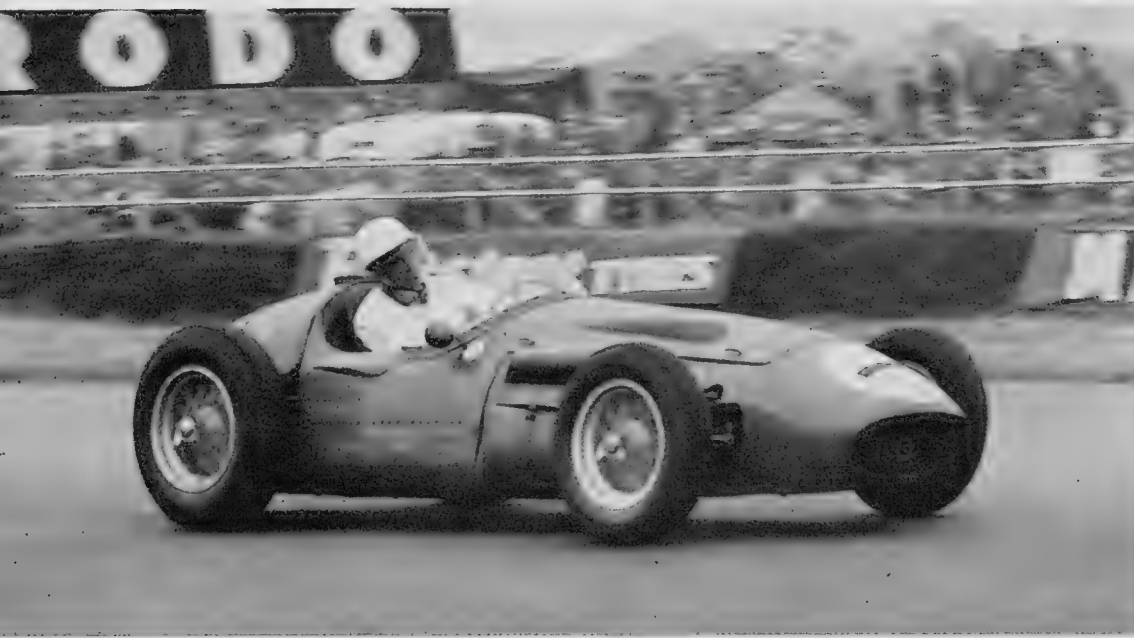
MANY travel books deal with the Middle East: few or none, in these days, are quite unimportant. *Maalesh* (Peter Owen, 16s.) has an extra distinction, due to the personality of its author: Jean Cocteau. We have Egypt, Turkey, a glimpse of Greece, seen through the eyes of one of the most original men of his own country and our century: M. Cocteau expresses France, but belongs to the world. In the novel, in poetry, in line-drawing, the theatre, the cinema, he is to be thanked for a revolutionary impetus—the truest revolutions, he states in *Maalesh*, are not political; they make themselves felt through creative art.

In 1949 M. Cocteau took a theatrical touring company to Egypt, then Turkey. Some of the plays were classic, others (including works of his own) were of an exacting and challenging modernity. The impact of these upon Middle East audiences has been fascinatingly described. Still more arresting, however, is the account of the Middle East's impact upon M. Cocteau. Among the illustrations is his drawing of the Sphinx. The translator, Mary C. Hoeck, has done her best with a book which, ideally, ought to be read in French—in English, the intensity may sound humourless.

drive  
with  
new  
confidence—  
fit  
INDIA  
tubeless  
on the  
front

THIS is where a flat tyre can endanger your steering. But your India Tubeless tyre stands up firmly—even with a nail in it! No flats! No delays! No "wondering if..." Of course, it's best to fit India Tubeless all round—they're the same price as tyres-with-tubes—but at least fit them on the front and drive with new confidence.





THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX at Silverstone was won this year by Juan Fangio in a Ferrari. This photograph shows Stirling Moss, who led for half the race before his Maserati contracted mechanical trouble which forced him to retire from the race when he was in a very favourable position

## *Motoring*

# BRITAIN'S FIVE ACES

*Oliver Stewart*

Now that statistical information obtained at the British Grand Prix and at Le Mans can be examined, it is not too early to attempt a preliminary summing up of trends and achievements. Outstanding is the fact that British racing drivers have gone to the front. Without in any way forcing the point, we can claim that the half-dozen world leaders are all British. Stirling Moss, Peter Collins, Mike Hawthorn, C. A. S. ("Tony") Brooks and Archie Scott-Brown are masters of the game, and one could name five others who are close to them.

It is heartening that this country should have produced these men; but it is also, perhaps, strange. We have had our great drivers in the past, but we have had them one at a time and they have never exhibited that net superiority over Continental rivals which is now clearly established. It is always said that every young Italian aspires to become a great racing driver (and makes his aspiration painfully plain to anyone unfortunate enough to be his passenger in a motor car!) and Italy has in the years that have gone provided the names that have made motor racing history. It looks as if we are now living through a period when those names will be British.

It remains to wish all possible good luck to Mr. A. G. B. Owen; to Mr. G. A. Vandervell and to Sir William Lyons. The Jaguars have already proved themselves a thousand times. Without in any way damaging their reputation they could—if they so wished—take a well-earned rest from racing for a year or two. But Mr. Owen's B.R.M.s and Mr. Vandervell's Vanwalls have still to fulfil their promise. For them there must be a further period of intensive striving. And then the British drivers will have British cars to match any others.

Having permitted myself this rather smug piece of flag-wagging, I must add the reminder that, at Silverstone, Fangio proved to be the greatest man present. He showed how well deserved is his Championship of the World. At the start it did not seem that his chances of victory were good. And the field roared away with Hawthorn and Brooks surging ahead in the handsome little B.R.M.s, and Moss obviously awaiting his strategic moment to go into the lead. But Fangio drove hard and in the best traditions of the sport.

His momentary lapse in about the twelfth lap, when his Ferrari spun, did not put him off. Showing a concentration and a determination which were positively hypnotic, he gradually beat down the opposition. His speed was so great that, although other cars were able to go a little faster, they could not sustain the pace. I shall remember this year's British Grand Prix as

one of the finest races I have ever seen. The start, with a big well-matched field, was positively heart-stopping.

Many other sporting events ought to receive some notice here, but they have crowded in so strongly upon us that it is not possible to do more than make the briefest mention of them. The Jaguars' one-two-three victory in the Reims twelve-hour sports car race was yet another mark of merit for a car whose racing reputation is secure. Then there was the Alpine (it may be recalled that it was cancelled last year on account of the public reaction to the Le Mans disaster). The performance of the Triumph TR3s was commendable and confirmed the good impression I obtained of this car (and reported in these columns) when I tried it some time ago.

As a footnote to these sporting references I would like to mention that, at all the big events I have attended—the Grand Prix races and the starts of Trials—there have been one or two of the new Citroën DS 19 cars. One can guarantee that the first places to see interesting new models are the racing circuits. Race officials and race enthusiasts seem to be able to obtain early delivery of anything that is technically interesting. And the Citroëns were always a centre of attraction.

The Royal Automobile Club issued the other day a light-hearted bulletin about its correspondence. It assembled a number of inspired solecisms which have occurred in the letters it has received. Here are some examples: "Excuse bad writing. I have left my reading glasses at home and am writing from memory." And: "I left my car opposite the gateway to a government building. On coming out approximately twenty minutes later, I was amazed to see my car in the same place." I feel that there is an awful element of truth in this one: "I was knocked out as a result of the collision and was taken to — Hospital where I sustained serious injuries."



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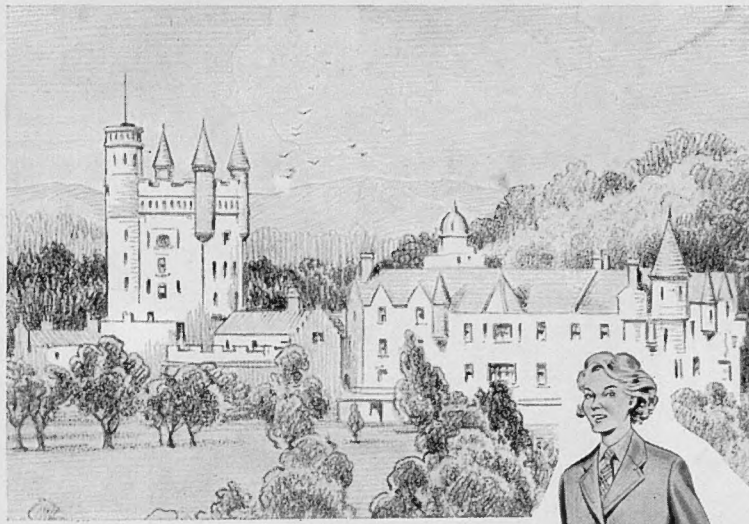
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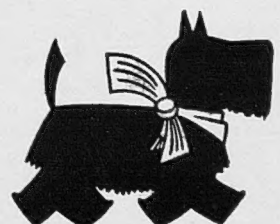
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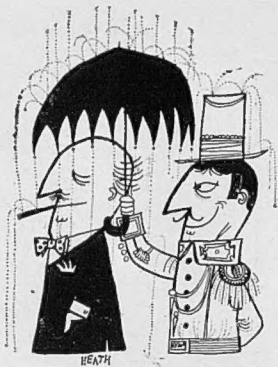
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## DINING OUT

### Day at the races

MY visit to the British Grand Prix at Silverstone brought back memories of my old friends the Marx Brothers, who made me laugh louder and longer than anything else that has come my way. It was a mad day and they should have been with me.

The fun commenced at 9 a.m. when I pulled up at that renowned rendezvous of gourmets, gourmands, gastronomes and wine bibbers, The Bell, at Aston Clinton. Here I was greeted by the innkeeper-in-chief, Gerard Harris, who has a great flair for good living and sees that people with the same ideas are treated in a proper manner.

His idea of "proper" at 9 a.m. was to remove the cork from bottle No. 000249 of a 1950 Montrachet which had been selected as a Tastevinage in 1953 by the Jurés-Gourmets de la Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin from the Domain Jacques Prieur and had been bottled and shipped by Calvet. It was an outstanding wine, slightly sweeter than most Montrachets. Half-way through this bottle Harris started talking about a 1950 Château Croque-Michotte he had got hold of—this is a Premier Cru of St. Emilion retailing at about 11s. 6d. a bottle; he was thinking of laying down ten or twelve dozen for a few years, so I must remember this somewhere around 1961.

Not long afterwards old friends of mine from the days when I used to race at Brooklands turned up, such as Lord Essendon, who raced cars with great success there when we knew him as Brian Lewis; Reuben Harveyson who used to ride an Indian motor-cycle, on one occasion to such good effect that he rode it over the top of the banking; and soon after Richard Fielder Fuggle appeared, a gentleman whose chief hobby and joy in life is to wine and dine well and in good company. This apparently called for champagne, so out came a bottle of Lanson Black Label; somebody else produced an enormous luncheon sausage of fine quality with a very distinct flavour of onion or garlic which was consumed at Grand Prix speed; and two or three people were smoking Gauloise which they had brought back from France, so the general atmosphere became very "bistro."

In spite of this we did get to Silverstone in time to watch the last tense, exciting moments before the start and to see the masters on their rapid way; then to spend an hour or so either watching the race or the astonishing motley of people in some of the bars, paddocks and enclosures. There were groups who looked as if they had arrived *en bloc* deep from the heart of Soho. Indeed, had the Marx Brothers appeared they would have been hardly noticed.

Caution, and the horror of queues and delay, took me back to the car at ten laps before the end of the Grand Prix, shouting: "See you at The Bell on the way home," to Reginald Willis, Editor of the *Evening News*, of unquenchable energy and enthusiasm, as he was on his way to the competitors' paddock.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Holiday weekend

WITH August Bank Holiday imminent, I thought that I would plan (for myself at any rate) some dishes which would not only give me great pleasure to cook but would also be a little easy on the weekend.

When I shop, I keep my eyes open, and may I say here that the real inspiration for adventurous cooking lies in doing one's own shopping? I have never yet found a butcher or fishmonger, however good they may be, to provide me with as good food ordered on the telephone as when I go along for it myself. When one is there, in person, before the tradesmen, they think of you. You are not just a voice. They do not simply sell a good piece of meat or fish but give you the attention that a customer deserves.

FOR Bank Holiday Monday I plan to have roast duck. I prefer it cold because the flavour is then superb. It is a rich bird and sometimes, in hot weather, a little too rich, served hot. I shall put the duck in the oven when Sunday's rolled boned shoulder of lamb comes out. This lamb will not be stuffed, but sprinkled with pepper and salt and a little garlic juice, then rolled in seasoned flour to get a golden crust. With it I shall serve those lovely little green flageolets. I may not be able to get them fresh as yet, but, with a tin of them on hand, I shall not worry.

For the roasting of the lamb, I shall allow 20 minutes a pound and 20 minutes over, if it is a largish shoulder, or a little less if smaller, starting at 375 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 5 and reducing the heat as soon as the surface begins to colour. As I like a touch of garlic in the flageolets, too, I shall take a couple of spoonfuls of the residue in the roasting tin and place them in a small pan with a clove of garlic crushed in a little salt, then gently simmer together. Then I shall discard the garlic and turn the cooked flageolets into the sauce. Delicious!

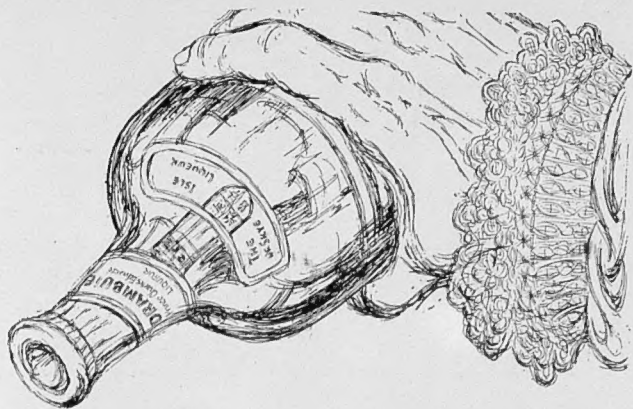
I am very fond of *Pommes de Terre Savoyard*—very thinly sliced raw potatoes placed in a shallow oven dish, barely covered with well seasoned stock (a *bouillon* cube and hot water will do), sprinkled with grated Gruyère and dotted with butter. These will be cooked with the lamb. Potatoes for four servings will require 1 to 1½ hours in the oven.

THE beauty of cold duck is that you can have different garnishes with it. When the lamb comes from the oven, I shall brush the duck with butter and sprinkle it with seasoned flour. I shall put it into a hot oven (425 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 7) just long enough for it to begin to colour, then reduce the heat to 350 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 3 to 4, giving it, in all, 20 minutes a pound and 20 minutes over.

With cold duck, one can serve delicious little tangerines (and there have been some about) filled with a mousse made with the liver and some chicken livers, which are not too difficult to buy from the poulterer. I shall also serve a green salad, dressed with oil and lemon juice. I shall have a bottle of claret, also, and there must be no rival to it.

—Helen Burke





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